



In a young girl's life there comes a time when the careless innocence of childhood changes to the modest, blushing maidenly self-consciousness of approaching maturity. The eye is brighter; the form is rounder; there is a touch of shy coquetry in the glance—the girl has become a woman. She has entered that critical period of life when the possibilities of happy youth, yet so hedged about with the physical sufferings and dangers peculiar to her sex.

It has been said that to be a woman is to suffer. Too often this is true. A woman's whole nature is so bound up in the special functions of her organism that any disturbance of this sensitive organism throws the whole system out of harmony. "Female weakness" causes nine-tenths of all the wretchedness which women endure. It can never be permanently relieved by local treatments. That is generally an expensive, embarrassing, useless, make-shift. What is needed is Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription to reach the innermost sources of the trouble and restore health and strength directly to the internal organs. This stops the seething drains which sap life's foundation; heals all ulcerated conditions, gives the ligaments elastic power of themselves to correct misplacement of internal organs and imparts tone, vigor and vitality to the entire feminine organism. In a word, the "Favorite Prescription" makes healthy, happy women.

Dr. Pierce is the Chief Consulting Physician of the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y. He has made a life study of women's peculiar ailments. Over ninety pages of his great work, "The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser," are devoted to the consideration of diseases peculiar to women. Successful means of home treatment are therein suggested, making it unnecessary to employ a physician, or to submit to his "examinations," and the stereotyped, but generally useless, local treatment. Twenty-one (21) colored stamps, to cover cost of mailing only, will bring a copy of this useful book. Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

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The wife of Mr. Leonard Wells, of East Brimfield, Mass., had been suffering from neuralgia for two days, not being able to sleep or hardly keep still, when Mr. Holden, the merchant there, sent her a bottle of Chamberlain's Pain Balm, and asked that she give it a thorough trial. On meeting Mr. Wells the next day he was told that she was all right, the pain had left her within two hours, and that the bottle of Pain Balm was worth \$5 if it could not be had for less. For sale at 50 cents per bottle by the Chas. Lyle Drug Co.

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"A friend of the family." That's what every family calls Pond's Extract. Sold in our bottles only.

THE CANON'S CESAREWITCH.

Sir John Kendrie was not a man who had enjoyed particularly good luck upon the turf; and the general impression in well-informed circles was that he had now pretty well run to the end of his financial tether. He had started life with a large estate; and, when he first went upon the turf, had lavished huge sums in forming for himself an extensive and expensive stud. But though he purchased animals of the finest pedigree, and bred many youngsters of exceptional strain, his successes were not at all proportionate to his outlay; in fact scarcely a season passed at the end of which he did not find himself heavily out of pocket. Once or twice, certainly, his horses had done great things. It may be remembered how his famous colt, The Bishop, won the Derby, starting at a longish price; and how his filly, Sister Mary Martha, a few years later, upset all calculations in the One Thousand. But these were almost his only conspicuous successes. His other victories were scored in comparatively minor events, and were far from numbering even in those. The result was that the baronet—at the time of which we write—was actually hovering on the verge of bankruptcy. His town house had been sold, his county estates mortgaged to the hilt, and he himself was compelled to retire into economical seclusion at his Wiltshire seat—which he had in vain tried to let, and where he lived in one wing of the house, with two or three servants, leaving the rest of the mansion to the bats, rats and cockroaches.

Only one animal now remained to him of all his numerous stud. This was the famous mare, Sister Mary Martha, whom he still refused to sell, and whom he took down with him into Wiltshire. She was understood to be in foal to the Bishop. And Sir John cherished a lingering hope that her offspring might turn out to be a flyer, and in some degree help to recoup him for his many ruinous losses. His friends said that he was a fool to refuse £7,000 for the mare, as he had actually done; and some of them pressed him to reconsider his determination. Sir John, however, remained obstinate. He never did pay much attention to advice. It was not his way. He valued himself upon his own level-headed "cuteness" too much for that. And he was "cute"—not a doubt of it. If anything, perhaps, he was too "cute," for over-enthusiasm frequently defeats itself by always pursuing tortuous paths; whereas it often happens that the straightest road is the one that pays the best to follow. Many such men are to be met with; men so addicted to cunning that the thing becomes a mania with them. This it had practically done with Sir John. It gave him more pleasure to land \$10,000 by judicious jockeying than \$20,000 by fair and legitimate methods. And no doubt this passion of his for sharp practice had as much as anything else to do with his failure upon the turf.

With the above weakness was linked, in his case, a strong element of superstition. Probably most gamblers have that quality more or less clearly developed in them, and in Sir John it was very conspicuous. While no material methods of compassing his shady objects were neglected by him, he paid the greatest heed to immaterial influences—to dreams, presentiments, omens and such like; so much so as frequently to arouse the open ridicule of his practical associates. But the baronet pursued his way, as impervious to their ridicule as he was deaf to their advice. No amount of experience could teach him wisdom. Even when he stood on the verge of bankruptcy he still clung to the belief that it only needed a little more perseverance in his favored method to insure him ultimate success; and that after a steady course of failure through twenty years.

When Sister Mary Martha had been down at her owner's Wiltshire stables for a few months the expected foal arrived. It was in the midst of surroundings by no means adequate to his strain and pedigree that this distinguished colt, who was ushered into a troublesome existence. The greater portion of the stables had been shut up and Sir John had only one groom—an old family servant—upon the premises. The baronet himself took an active share in looking after the one or two horses that he kept there; and he, his groom, his local vet, from Salisbury, were Sister Mary Martha's attendants when her foal was born. The event created no sensation in the neighborhood. The bumpkins in that out-of-the-world place knew little, and cared less, about turf intelligence. To them the circumstances that a son had been born to The Bishop and Sister Mary Martha was without importance. If Tunnus Node's white sow had farrowed a dozen or Bill Andrew's mottled hen had hatched out a setting of fifteen, it would have made more stir in the village. Amid such unappreciative surroundings was The Canon foaled.

This name by which Sir John designated him within a few hours of his birth was obviously appropriate. But it was not merely the appropriateness of the designation that had induced his owner to style him thus. Allusion has been made to the superstitious sentiment in Sir John's character. To this, more than to anything else, The Canon owed his name. The extraordinary and wonderful luck which had attended Sir John in the matter of the Bishop—the story of whose Derby victory is too well known to need repetition—had aroused in Sir John a sort of blind faith in ecclesiastical nomenclature.

The baronet's friends, who had urged him to accept the offer of £7,000 for Sister Mary Martha, had reason, ere long to plume themselves upon their own superior wisdom and foresight. The mare went through her foaling time badly. For some weeks it was feared that she would actually lose her life, and though that catastrophe was happily averted, she only recovered with such loss of strength and condition as hopelessly impaired her value for sale or use. Sir John's friends opined that he must feel dreadfully "sick" over his own folly; of which—like all true friends—they took good care to give him frequent reminders. It was however, characteristic of the baronet never to admit himself in the wrong. He maintained, with unflinching persistence, that he had adopted the wisest course, and that The Canon would certainly far more than compensate him for losing £7,000 over Sister Mary Martha. The colt was as likely a one as he had ever seen, and it was odds on his turning out a flyer. His wise friends were altogether too previous. Let them wait a year or two and then they would change their note.

The climax of his folly was reached, when he actually accepted, on behalf of his colt, for the Cesarewitch. The sporting world could hardly believe its ears when it learned the astounding intelligence. How could a horse for whom a Derby or a Leger course was half a mile too long to be expected to negotiate the longer and more punishing Cesarewitch? The Canon should have been scratched a year ago. It was ridiculous, idiotic, to leave him in. Any bookie would be glad to lay 200 to 1 against the colt, and think he had favorable terms. Certainly he was saddled by the handicapper with a mere nominal weight. But what of that? He only had to carry a grasshopper. The Canon could never finish the Cesarewitch course. One explanation alone was feasible. Sir John must be going "dotty." No sane man could have acted with such inconceivable idiocy.

As a matter of fact Sir John was not in the least "dotty," though his mad behavior seemed to favor the contention. It was superstition, not insanity, which was guiding him in this matter. Some of his friends who remonstrated with him even more strongly than usual managed to elicit that much from the taciturn baronet. He was acting on a presentiment, fostered by some absurd dream, in which he had (visionally) seen his colt win over the long course at the Newmarket. This dream had clearly taken a tremendous hold on him, despite its defiance of all physical possibilities; and neither reason nor ridicule could deter him from his fatuous folly in the starting colt.

"But, my dear John," said an intimate friend one day, speaking with excusable vehemence, "this presentiment of yours is all transparent hosh! A hedgehog could beat The Canon over the Cesarewitch course."

"You may have your opinion, but I have mine," said Sir John, obstinately.

"It isn't only my opinion; it's the opinion of every man on the turf. You'll see that no single soul will dream of investing a half penny on the Canon's chance."

"There's one son of a who'll—myself. I shall back him for all I am worth."

"Is that a fact?" said the friend, smilingly.

"I'm pretty nearly smashed already," answered Sir John, smiling with provoking calmness. "And my one chance is to go to nap. You may think me an idiot. Possibly I am; but I believe in dreams and presentiments, and I am convinced that I shall land the odds. Come, you are an old pal, and I should like to put you on to a good thing. Will you stand in with me?"

"No thank you—not I!" said his friend, hastily. "And he argued no more with Sir John. It was simply a waste of breath, he saw, to urge reason upon a man in his state—one who simply was inviting ruin to descend and overwhelm him."

The baronet had, for some years, given up his professional training; the fees and expenses being heavier than he was able to meet. And now he set himself with the aid of his experienced groom, to train the Canon for his Newmarket engagement. That he would turn out his colt in capital condition, nobody doubted. For Sir John understood this branch of the business as well as Porter or Dawson themselves. But no amount of condition can put stamina in a non-strayer, and the unanimous opinion of the whole racing world was that the owner of The Canon was simply wasting his time and skill on a hopeless horse.

In due course the day of the Cesarewitch arrived. Sir John's action had naturally excited widespread remark, and when the candidates for the big handicap turned out in the preliminary canter The Canon was watched by the crowd, with considerable interest. He was a beautiful colt, a pure light chestnut, and his glossy coat and general air of "dignity" showed him to be in the pink of condition. His action also was magnificent—the perfection of ease and grace. But that everybody knew already, and what was the good of it to a non-strayer in such a race? There was no doubt how it would be. He would travel splendidly for six or seven furlongs; and then his bolt would be shot. Why, a common hunter would stand a better chance in the Cesarewitch than this showy, short-distanced animal.

Such was the universal criticism. But Sir John, blinded by his infatuated superstition, never lost confidence to the last. His friends who were standing near him remarked the keen, excited look—the air of eager anticipation with which his face glowed as the flag fell to a fair start and the Canon got well away. Many of them felt quite sorry for him, though he was far from popular with his friends—when they thought of the inevitable disappointment in store for the eager, excited old man. It was only a matter of furlongs—a question of half minutes—before the Canon would be out of it. Ah, there! He had already reached his distance, and that was a mile and a half from the finish. But no, he was still going strong; no signs of flagging yet. Extraordinary, inexplicable! The mile was passed and the Canon was still in the race. But surely he must crack up in a few seconds! No! On and on! The devil! A mile and a half had been covered. The Canon still galloped as strong as any of them. Sir John's face was now stiff and tense as that of a statue; but his eyes burned like coals in their hollow sockets. There was a dead silence along the whole course. Every eye was fixed upon the light chestnut who now held third place and seemed full of running. Was Sir John a wizard? Had he bewitched his colt? Had Satan a finger in it? The distance! The Canon took second place.

Then a low murmur—a murmur of amazement—passed from lip to lip. The Canon was challenging the leading horse. For a hundred yards both ran neck and neck. Gameness alone kept them going. A loud shout went up. The Canon was the gamer. He forged ahead. The shout increased into a roar. The Canon had his opponent safe. He passed the judge's box a length in front. Sir John's face was now a blaze of triumph. He now spoke for the first time since the start.

"My God! My dream—my presentiment! True! True! True!"

He staggered slightly and fell. The strain had been too much for him. They picked him up lifeless and in a dead faint.

Probably no horse's victory had ever so completely upset all calculations as that of the Canon in this Cesarewitch. And it is needless to say that it excited any amount of comment. People took different views. Some declared that the colt's reputation as a non-strayer had been artfully brought about by Sir John in

collusion with unscrupulous jockeys. But this, as all fair-minded men admitted, was an absurd contention. In the first place the colt had more than once cracked up when ridden by jockeys who were above suspicion; and in the second, his failures had been due to genuine lack of stamina, and not to any "roping" or other unfair dodger of that description.

This view, therefore, could not for a moment be entertained. Others, the more superstitious, inclined to the belief that there was something miraculous in the Canon's victory, whether by the agency of God or the devil. And the wisest, again, contented themselves by simply stating that Sir John was a very clever man, and that he had won a large sum over the race. But the means by which he had done it they frankly declared themselves unable to conjecture.

It was not until many years later that the public learned the true explanation. A country clergyman—an incumbent of a parish on Salisbury Plain—was sent for late one night to the bedside of Sir John Kendrie, who had been stricken with apoplexy, and whose life (so the doctor said) was now numbered by minutes. Almost with his last breath the baronet made the following remarkable confession:

"Only the night before Sister Mary Martha's foal was born I had a dream. I dreamed that she had foaled a colt with—two heads, and that one head seemed to vanish and then the other; but only for an instant. The dream impressed me; I had always paid great attention to dreams. And the impression strengthened when, next night, she gave birth to twin foals. I didn't now what I meant to do. I had no fixed idea at that time, but influenced by my dream and the other inexplicable presentiments, I suppressed the fact that twins had been foaled and bribed the other two witnesses to hold their tongues. Then the dream and the presentiments began to explain themselves. The colts grew up as like as two peas. A vista of possibilities was open to me; when I found that one of the colts possessed exceptional stamina while the other was entirely without it. I saw my way to the fraud which I actually perpetrated. A week before the Cesarewitch I poisoned the Canon and my man and I buried him in quicklime. This obliterated all evidence of my deception, and made discovery impossible. It was the Canon's twin that won the race. I cannot die with the secret on my conscience. After I am dead see that it is given to the world."—London Truth.

MANY LUMINOUS PLANTS.

Nasturtiums, Potatoes, Orchids and Others are on the List.

Several varieties of the vegetable kingdom are luminous in a greater or less degree. One of the fungi, which is not at all uncommon on the walls of damp, dark mines, caverns, etc., occasionally emits sufficient light to admit of the reading of the ordinary print by it. The emission of light from a common potato when in a state of decomposition is sometimes very striking. Several of the Italian plants and grasses are also luminous, and it is said that in 1845 the mountains near Syree were nightly illuminated by their means. The root stock of a plant from the Ooragum jungle, supposed to be an orchid, possesses the peculiar property of becoming luminous when wet, while when dry it is quite lustreless. The hairy red poppy, the nasturtium and the double marigold are also luminous to a certain degree.—Boston Traveler.

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Quickly, Thoroughly, Forever Cured. Four out of five who suffer from nervousness, mental worry, attacks of "the blues," are but paying the penalty of early excesses. Victims, reclaim your manhood, regain your vigor. Don't despair. Send for book with explanation and proofs. Mailed (sealed) free.

ERIE MEDICAL CO., Buffalo, N. Y.

GOLD IN SEA WATER.

Enormous Amounts Are Held in Solution by Old Ocean.

In this gold-seeking age the announcement that sea water contains a fairly uniform though small quantity of gold is sure to attract the interest of speculators. This will be so especially when they learn that there exists in solution in sea water many millions of tons of gold. Such would appear to be the case, according to Prof. Liversidge, the professor of chemistry in Sidney University. In a very remarkable and exhaustive series of experiments which he has made there is considerable evidence in favor of gold being present in the sea water of the New South Wales coast in the proportion of about one-half grain per ton, or in round numbers from 150 to 260 tons of gold per cubic mile. This, of course, means an enormous amount for the whole of the ocean, the cubic contents of which are put down approximately at 400,000,000 cubic miles, and if the gold be uniformly present at the rate of one grain per ton, the total amount would be over 100,000,000,000 tons of gold, says the London Lancet.

If any loadstone of gold could be found which would attract gold and separate it from its solution, doubtless a very important stimulus would be given to the dividend earning capacity of our ocean liners. Thus, in addition to carrying passengers and cargo, they would plow the deep to reap a rich harvest by hazing a dredge, so to speak, at the stern, which at the end of the voyage would be relieved of its auriferous and valuable collection. We fear, however, that the precious metal will not be recovered from the sea as easily as this, considering its strong affinity for the salts of sea water. Otherwise gold would soon cease to be a rare metal, and this fact would also place bimetalism in a very serious position. These observations are not without some bearing on medicine, since recently the value of gold salts in therapeutics has been recognized, and it cannot be doubted that the cheapening of gold would lead to their application being extended in this direction. Apart from these considerations Prof. Liversidge's investigation is an important contribution to the chemistry, and probably geology, of the subject, and as a journal devoted, among other subjects, to chemistry, we need offer no apology for expanding the possibilities opened up by his researches in these columns.

CATOGNI'S RESTAURANT

Is now open in the rear of the confectionery. Meals: Breakfast, 25 cents. Dinner, 25 cents. Supper, 25 cents. Men tickets \$4.

Good advice: Never leave home on a journey without a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. For sale by the Chas. Lyle Drug Co.

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ROANOKE STREET RAILWAY SCHEDULE

IN EFFECT OCTOBER 21, 1896.

Crystal Springs via It Park	Franklin Road.	West End.	U. Spring via White St. & Mt. St.
Leave Union Depot	Leave Union Depot	Leave Union Depot	Leave Union Depot
8:00 A.M.	8:00 A.M.	8:00 A.M.	8:00 A.M.
8:30 A.M.	8:30 A.M.	8:30 A.M.	8:30 A.M.
9:00 A.M.	9:00 A.M.	9:00 A.M.	9:00 A.M.
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10:00 A.M.	10:00 A.M.	10:00 A.M.	10:00 A.M.
10:30 A.M.	10:30 A.M.	10:30 A.M.	10:30 A.M.
11:00 A.M.	11:00 A.M.	11:00 A.M.	11:00 A.M.
11:30 A.M.	11:30 A.M.	11:30 A.M.	11:30 A.M.